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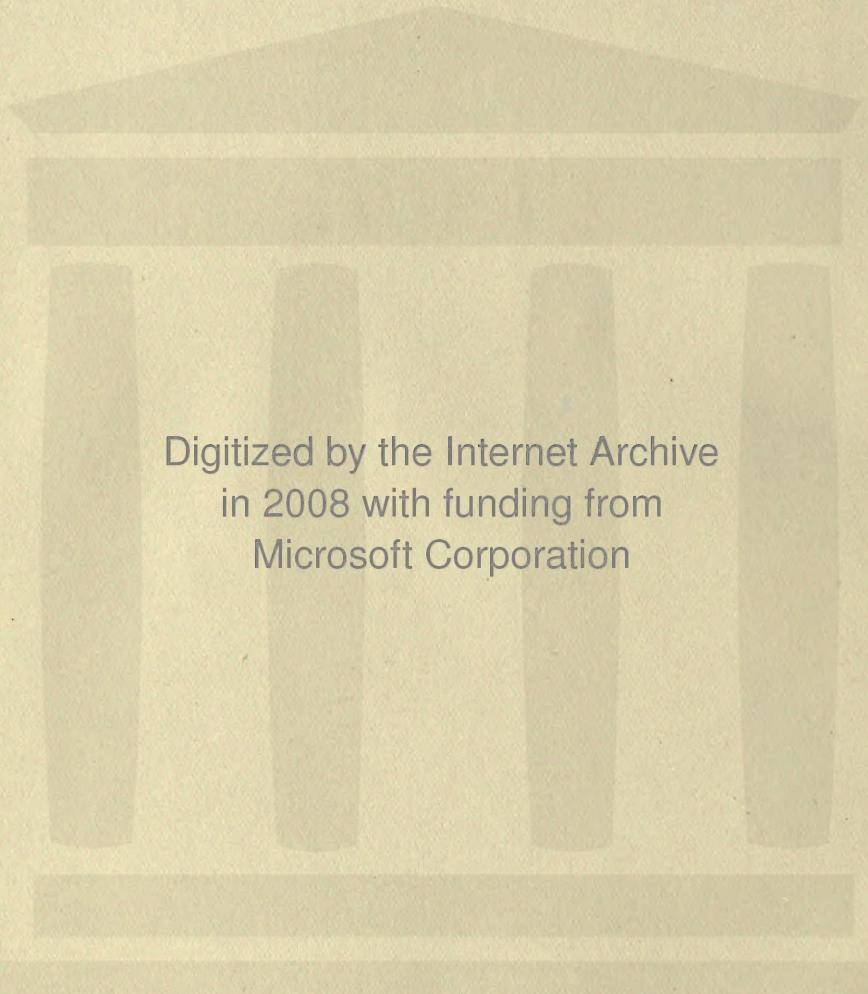
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Youth

*Date of Earliest Known Edition (Fragment here included),
not earlier than 1528
[Lambeth Palace Library]*

*Date of Original of this ("Waley's") Edition, c. 1557
[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, b. 24]*

*Date of Original of "Copland's" Edition (already issued),
c. 1560
[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, c. 38 : also "Irish find," bought by Quaritch :
also Bodleian]*

Reproduced in Facsimile 1909

Youth * 1. Lambeth Fragment
* 2. Waley edition

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Esterlude of Youth

Youth

- (1) *Fragment of 8pp. now preserved in Lambeth Palace Library [not earlier than 1528]*
- (2) *Waley's Edition [c. 1557]*

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T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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Youth

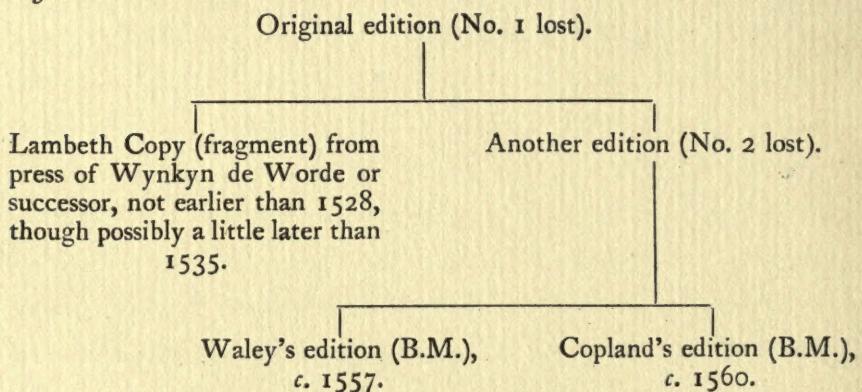
The present facsimiles of (1) the “Lambeth Palace Fragment” of “*Youth*,” and (2) the “Waley edition” of the same play, together with (3) the “Copland edition” (already issued in this series), comprise all known impressions of one of the most curious and interesting survivals of Early English Drama. It is suspected that other editions of this interlude were issued—probably there were five in all—though they are not now known to be extant.

These three known editions form the subject of an exhaustive and valuable monograph by Professor W. Bang (of the University of Louvain) and Mr. R. B. M^cKerrow in the twelfth volume of the series intituled “Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas.” I am indebted to this source: I have made use, in a summarised form, of material collected, of evidence sifted, of ascertained facts orderly arranged and precised, and of deductions resulting therefrom. Space (to say nothing of literary good manners) permits no more; save, may-be to emphasise the completeness of research, the soundness of conclusion, and my indebtedness thereto. Still, I give but a summary: scholars must consult this authority in detail.

Reference, I premise, has been made to my Introduction to the “Copland edition” of “*Youth*” (“Tudor Facsimile Texts”) wherein, amongst other matters, I related the circumstances attending the recovery of the “Lambeth fragment.”

The dates are uncertain, both for the “Waley” and the “Copland” editions—probably, however, c. 1557 and c. 1560 respectively are not far out. The “Lambeth fragment” is confidently ascribed “either to the press of Wynkyn de Worde, or of someone who came into possession of his type and wood-blocks after he ceased to print in 1535.” On the other hand, it is certain that it was not printed earlier than 1528.

As regards the relationship of the texts, it is clearly shown in “Materialien” that one or more editions of this play have been lost; that textually neither the “Waley” nor the “Copland” copies could have been printed from the “Lambeth fragment,” either directly or by reversed descent; that probably two editions have been lost, viz., a first edition from which the “Lambeth” and the “Lost edition No. 2” were printed; and, finally, that it was from the “Lost edition No. 2” that both the “Waley” and the “Copland” copies were printed, the formula being somewhat as follows:—



On equally good grounds Waley’s text is set down as nearer the original than Copland’s, which, however, is more correctly printed than Waley’s.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department

of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile of the “Waley” edition with the original, says:—“It is excellently reproduced, most of the slight defects to which I have called attention being probably unavoidable: none of them are of any real consequence.”

Mr. Fleming is to be congratulated also on the results obtained in respect to the “Lambeth fragment” of 8 pp. It so happens that the editors of the “Materialien” series reproduced these pages in facsimile; and, on comparison, a marked improvement will be observed in the present collotypes.

Mr. Herbert specially criticises (Waley ed.) (1) A. ii, verso, “as rather too weak and wanting in sharpness”; (2) A. iv, recto, last line, “no flaw in the last three words”; (3) B. ii, recto, last line but one, “the stroke at end of line is not in original”; (4) B. iii, verso, and B. iv, recto, are both “printed a trifle too heavily,” “especially the first few lines of the latter”; (5) C. ii, verso, “the set-off from the opposite pages comes out blacker here than in original, but that is probably unavoidable, and it only makes some letters somewhat less easy to read than in original—nothing is illegible.”

JOHN S. FARMER.

[I. The “Lambeth Fragment” of the
Interlude of Youth]

Chenterlude of youth.



Charye.

Charyfe.
See that his armes dyd spred!
And on a tre was done to dede
From all perylles he you defende
I d knyde yence tyll I haue made an ende
For I am come fro god a boue
To occupy his lawes to your behoue
And am named charye
There may no man faued be
Without the bounes of charye.

A. M. 45.

Qus manet in charitate in deo manet
I am the yate I tell the
of heuen that ioyfull cyte
There may no man thyder come
But of charite he must haue some
Or he may not come ywoys
Unto heuen the cyte of blysse
Therefore charite who Wyll hym take
A pure soule it Wyll hym make
Before the face of god
In the A.B.C. of bookes the lest
It is Wryten(Deus caritas est)
Lo charite is a great thyng
Of all vertues it is the kynge
Whan god in erth was here lyuyng
Of charite he founde none endyng
I was planted in his harte
We two myght not departe
Out of his herte I dyde spryne
Through the myght of the heuen kynge
And all prestes that be
May syng no masse Without charyte
And charyte to them they do not take
They may not receyue hym ydyde them make
And all this Worlde of nougat

Cyouth
A backe felowes and gyue me rome
Or I shall make you to auoyde soone
I am goodly of persone

My heire is royall and busshed thycke
My body pylaunt as a hasyll stycke
Myne armes be bothe bygge and stronge
My syngers be bothe fayre and longe
My chest bygge as a turme
My legges be full lyght for to runne
To hoppe and daunce and make mery
By the masse I recke not a chery
What so euer I do
I am the heire of all my fathers lande
And it is come in to my hande
I care for no more
Care you so dysposed to do
To folowe byce and let vertue go
Cye syz euene so
For now a dayes he is not set by
Without he be vnthrysty.
Cyou had nede to aske god mercy
Why dyd you so prayse your body
CWhy knaue What is that to the
Wylte thou let me to prayse my body
Why shulde I not prayse it and it be goodly
I Wyll not let for the
CWhat shall it be Whan thou shalte slytte
Fro thy Welthe in to th2 pytte
Therfore of it be not to bolde
Lest thou forthynke it Whan thou arte olde
Ye may be lykened to a tre
In youthe floryslynge with royalte
And in age it is cut downe

Charite.

youth.

Charite.

youth.

Charite.

Beware lest thou thyder go
Hens caryfe go thy waye
Or with my dagger I shall the slaye
Hens knaue out of this place
Or I shall lay the on the face
Sayest thou that I shall go to hell
For euermore ther to dwell
I had leuer thou had euill fare.

youthe.

C A yet syr do by my rede
And aske mercy for thy mylde
And thou shalte be an herytour of blysse
Where all ioye and myrrh is
Where thou shalte se a gloriuous syght
Of angels syngyng with sayntes bryght
Before the face of god.

Charite.

C What syrs aboue the skye
I had nede of a ladder to clymbe so hye
But what and the ladder slyppe
Than I am deceyued yet
And yf I fall I catche a quicke
I may fortune to breke my necke
And that ioynt is yll to set
Nay nay not so.

youthe.

C O yet remembre and call to thy mynde
The mercy of god passeth all thynges
For it is wryten by noble clerkes
The mercy of god passeth all werkes
That mytnessest holy scripture sayenge thus
Miserationes dñi super omnia opera eius

Soyle me a questyon or ye cast out ony m
Lest whan your conyng is all done
My questyon haue no solucion
Syr and it please you this
Why do men ete mustarde with saltfysch
Syr I pray you soyle me this questyon
That I haue put to your dyscrecyon.
¶ This question is but a vanyte
It longeth not to me
Suche questions to assoyle
¶ Syr by god that me dere bought
I se your conyng is lytell or nought
And I shulde folow your scole
Soone ye wold make me a sole
Therefore crakeno lenger here
Lest I take you on the ere
And make yow heed ake
¶ Syr it falleth not me to fyght
Neyther by daye ne by nyght
Therefore do by my counseylie I saye
Than to heuen thou shalte haue the way
¶ No syr I thynke ye wyll not fyght
But to take a mannes purs in the nyght
ye wyll not saye nay
For suche holy carynges
Were wonte to be theues
And suche wold be hanged as hye
As a man may se with his eye
In sayth this same is true.
¶ God saue euery cristen body

y no place for the
thou he Wyll haue suche fooleg
on his gay stoles
Warrant the nay.
I syz I put me in goddes Wyll
her he Wyll me sauе or spyll
I pray you do so
ust in god What so euer you do.
I praye the holde thy peas
ake to me of no goodnes
one loke thou go thy Waye
with my dagger I the slaye
yth and thou meue my herte
shalte be Wery of thy parte
ou and I haue done
ynke What god suffred for the
enies to be spredder vpon a tre
ght With a spere opened his syde
is herte appered a wounde Wyde
t bought both the and me
ddes fast What is that to me
u daue Wyldre thou rede me
y youthe to lese my iolyte
knaue and go thy Way
with my dagger I shall the slaye
sy here What I Wyll you tell
be ruled after my counsell
t ye myght lyt in heuen on hys
h god and his company.
yet of god Wyldre thou not ceas

CSyr I se st Wyll none other wyse be
I Wyll go to my brother humilitie
And take counsell of hym
How it is best to be do therin.

CYe mary syr I praye you of that
He thynke ic Were a good syght of your
I wolde se your heles hyther
And your brother and you togyder
Fettred fyne fast
yWys and I had the kaye
ye shulde syng wele waye
Or I let you lose

CFarewell my maysters everychone
I Wyll come agayne anone
And tell you how I haue done
CAnd thon come hyther agayne
I shall sende the hens in the deuyls nam
What now I may haue my space

To iet here in this place
Before I myght not stere
Whan that churle charite was here
But now amonge all this chere
I wolde I had some company here
yWys my brother ryot Wolde helpe me
For to bete charite
And his brother to

CHuffa huffa who calleth after me
I am ryot full of iolyte
My herte is lyght as the Wynde
And all of ryon is my mynde

lyppes hange in my lyght
de mayster youth by my fay.
come ryot in the deuyll way
rought the hyder to day.
at dyde my legges I tell the
dught thou dyde call me
I am come now here
like royll chere
the how I haue done.
I wende thou haddest be hanged
thou escaped
was tolde me here
you toke a man on the ere
its in your bosome dyd fly
in we all nyghi ye dyd ly.
Was I beshrewe your pate
relately from newgate
I am as redy to make good chere
that never came there
I haue spedyng
I will make as mery as a kyng
are not what I do
I wyll not lye longe in prysone
I wyll get forth soone
I haue lerned polycy
I wyll lase me lyghtly
done let me go.
oue welthy dyscretion
you arte all of one condicyon
hartfalle and stedfast as my

[2. The “Waley” Edition of the
Interlude of Youth]

The terlode of yowth.



IEsu that his armes dyd spred
And on a tree was done to dead
From all perils he you defende
I desye audyence tyl I haue made an ende
For am come from God aboue
To occupye his lawes to your behoue
And am named Charytye
There maye no man saued be
Wythout the helpe of me
For he that Charytye doth resuse
Other vertues thought he do vse

Without charite it wyl not be
For it is written in the faythe
Qui manet in charitate in deo mone t
I am the gate I tell the
Of heauen that ioyful citye
Ther mayt no man thider come
But of charyty he must haue some
Or ye may not come i wis
Unto heauen the citie of blysse
Therefore charitie who wil hym take
A pure soule it wyl him make
Before the face of God
In the A. V. C. of bookes the least
yt is written deus caritas est
Lo charytie is a great thinge
Of all vertues it is the kyng
Whan God in earth was here liuinge
Of charyti he found none endinge
I was planted in his hart
We two might not departe
Out of hys harte I dyd spyrnge
Throughe the myght of the heauen kinge
And all prestes that be
Maye singe no masse without charitie
And chary to them they do not take
They may not re:eyue him that did them mane
And all thy worlde of noighte
youth. ¶ Al backe felowes and gyue me rourme
Or I shall make you to auoyde sone
I am goodle of persone
I am pereles where euer I come
My name is youth I tell the
I florish as the vine tre
who may be likeneth vnto me

In my youthe and Iolytye
My hearte is royll and bushed thicke
My body puyaunt as a hasel styc
Mine armes be bothe sayre and strong
My fingers be both faire and longe
My chest bigge as a tunne
My legges be full lighte for to runne
To hoppe and daunce and make merv
By the masse I recke not a chery
What so euer I do
I am the heire of my fathers lande
And it is come into my hande
I care for nomore
Are you so disposed to doo
To folowe byce and let vertue go
 ye sy; eners so
For nowe a dayes he is not set by
Without he be vnclystye
 you had nede to aske God mercye
Why do you so praise your body
 Why knaue what is that to the
Wylt thou let me to praysle my body
why shuld I not praise it & it be goodli
I wil not let for the
 what shal it be whan thou walt flyt
for the wealth into the pyt
Therefore of it be not to boolde
Least thou forthink it whan thou art olde
ye maye be lykened to a tre
In youth flaryshyng with royalte
And in age it is cue dwone
And to the fyre is thowne
So walt thou but thou amende
Be burned in hel without ende
 ye horson trowest thou so

charite.

youthe.

charite.

youthe.

charite.

youthe.

Be ware leasse thou thyder go
Hence caytysse go thy way
Or with my dagger I shal the slay
Hens knaue out of this place
Or I shal lay the on the face
Sayest thou that I shal go to hel
For euer more there to dwel
I had leuer thou had euyll fare

Charite ¶ I yet syz do by my rede
And aske mercy for thy mysoede
And þ shalt be an herytoure of blyste
Where al ioye and myrthe is
Where thou shal se a gloriuous syght
Of angeles singyng waintes bright
Before the face of God
youth. ¶ What syz abowe the sky
I hah nede of a ladder to climbe so hie
But what and the ladder slyppe
Than I am deceyued yet
And if I fal I catche a quecke
I may fortune to breke my necke
And that soynte is yll to set

Charite ¶ O yet remenber cal to thy minde
The mercy of God passeth al thyng
For it is wryten by noble clerkes
The mercye of God passeth all werkes
That witnesseth holy scripture saynge thus
Misericordia domini super omnia opera eius
Therefore doute not goodes grace
Thereof is plenty in every place
youth. ¶ What methynke ye he clerkyng
For þ speake good gibbyshe
Syr I say you and you haue any store

Sople me a quessyon or ye cast out amy more,
Least whan your connyngē is all done
My question haue no solucion
Syr and it please you thys
Whyp do men eate mistred with saltishe
Sir I praye you soile me thys question
That I haue put to your discrecyon
¶ This question is but vanitie
yt longeth not to me
Suche questions to assyole
¶ Sir by god that me dere bought
Ise your connyngē is littell or nougat
And I wuld folowme your scole
Sone ye wold make a sole
Therfore crake no longer here
Least I take you on the eare
And make your head to ake
¶ Sir it falleth not for me to fighē
Nether by day ne be night
Therfore do my counsayle I saye
Than to heuen thou shalt haue thy way
¶ No syr I thynke ye wyll not fighē
But to take a mannes purſ in the nighē
ye wyll not say nay
For suche holy caitifles
Were wonte to be theues
And such wolde be hanged as hye
As a man may se with his eye
In faith this lame is true
¶ God saue every chilien body
From such euill deserte
And sende vs ḡ. His grace
In dede to haue a place
¶ Nay nay I warrant the

charite.

youthē.

charite.

youthē.

charite.

youthē.

He hathe no place for the
Wenest thou he wyll haue suche fooles
To syt on his gaike stooles.

Sayc I warrant the naye.

Humi-
litye. Well sir I put me in goddes wyll
whether he wyll me saue or spyll.

And sir I pray you do so.

And truste in god what so euer ye do
youth. ¶ Syr I praye the olde thy peace.

And talke to me of no goodnes.

And soone loke thou go thy waye

Leste with my dagger I the slaye.

In saythe ys thou mene my harte

Thou shalte be wearye of thy parte

O thou and I haue done

charite. ¶ Thynke what God suffered for the
His armes to be spred vpon a tree
A knight with a spare opened his side
In his harte appeared a wounde wyde
That bought both you and me

youth. ¶ Goddes sake what is that to me
Thou daue we wylte thou rede me
In my youth to lose my ioylytie
Hence knaue and go thy waye

O wythmy dagger I shall the slaye.

charite. ¶ O syr heare what I you tell
And be ruled after my counsell
That ye might lyt in heuen hye
With God and his company

youth. ¶ A yet of God thou wil be not ceasse
Tyll I syght in godde earnest
On my sayth I tell the true
ys I syght I tell the true
All the dayes of thy lyfe

Syr I se well none other wise be
I wyll go to my brother Humilitie
And take good counsayle of hym
Ho we it is best to be do theryn
ye mary sire I pray you of that
Me thinke it were a good sight of your backe
I wolde se your heles hither
And your brother and you together
Settred fine fast
I wys and I had the key
ye childe singe wel awaie
Or I let you lose
Fare well my maysters everychone
I wyll come agayne anone
And tel you ho we I haue done
And thou come hither agayne
I shall sende the hens in þ diuels name
What nowe, I maye haue my space
To iet here in thy place
Besore I myght not stere
Whan the churle charitie was here
But no we amonge al thy place
I wold I had some company here
I wis my brother Riot wold helpe me
for to beate charitye
And his brother to
Hussa, hussa who calleth after me
I am Riot ful iolyte
My heart as light as the wynde
and all on Riot is my mynde
where so ever I go
But wote ye what I do here
To seke youth my compere
Sayne of hym I wolde haue a sight

charite.

youth.

charite.

youth.

Riot.

But ray lypes hange in my lyght
God sped master yowch by my faiere
youth. Welcom Ryot in the devells waye
who brought the hither to
Ryot.

That dyd my legges I tell the
Me thought thou dyd me call
And I am come now here
To make roiall there

And tell the how I haue done
what I wende thou hadst ben henged
But I se thou arte escaped
For it was tolde me heere
you toke a man on the eare
That his purse in your bosome did slye
And so in newgate ye dyd lye.

Ryot. So it was I behewe your parte
I come lately from Newgate
But I am as readye to make good ther
As he that never came ther
For and I haue spendyng
I wyll make as mery as a kynge
And care not what I do
For I wyll not lye longe in prison
But wyll get forthe soone
For I haue learned a pollycye
That wyll lose me lyghtlye
And soone let me go

youth. I loue well thy discretyon
For thou arte all of one condicyon
Thou arte stable and stedfast of mynde
And not chaungable as the wynde
But sir I praye you at the leaste
Tell me more of that ieste
That thou tolde me ryght nowe

Moreover I shall tell the Ryot.
The mayre of London sent for me
Forth of Newgate so to come
For to preche at Tybome.
By our Lady he dyd promote the youthe.
To make the preche at the galowe tre
But syr how diddest thou scape
Werely syr the rope brake
And so I fell to the ground Ryot.
And ran away safe and sound
Be thy way I met with a courtyers lad
And twenty nobles of gold in hys purs he had
I toke the ladde on the eare
Besyde his horse I felled him there.
I toke his purs in my hande
And twenty nobles therin I fande
Lorde howe I was mery.
Goddes fote thou diddest ynough there youthe.
For to be made knight of the colere.
Eysy I trusste to God all myght Ryot.
At the nexte cessions to be dubbed a knight.
Now syr by thys lyght youthe.
That wolde I sayne se
And I pylght the so God me sauе
That a surer colere thou shalt haue
And because gold colers be so good chepe
Unto the roper I shal speke
To make the one of a good prycē.
And that shalbe of warrantyse.
YOUTH I pray the haue a doo.
And to the tauerne let vs go
And we will dynke diuers wine
And the cost shal be myne
Thou shalt not pay one peny i wis.

yet thou shalt haue a wenche to kyse
whan so euer thou wylte
youth. **T**Mary Ryot I thanke the
That thou wylt be stowet on me
And so thy pleasure so be it
I wold not charity shuld vs mete
And turne vs agayne
For right nowe he was with me
And said he wolde go to Humilitie
And come to me agayne
Ryot. **L**et him come if he will
He were better to bide byll
And he gyue the croked langage
I wyl laye him on the vilage
And that thou shalt se sone
How lightly it shall be done
And he wyl not be ruled with knoches
We shall set him in the stoches
To heale his sore shinnes
youth. **T**I shall helpe the if I can
To dryue awaþe that hang man
Herke Riot thou shalt understande
I am heire of my fathers land
And nowe they be come to my hand
Me thynke it were best therfore
That I had one man more
To wayte me byon
Ryot. **T**I can sped the of a seruaunte of pycce
That wil do the good seruice
I se him go here be side
Some men call him mayster ppyde
I weare by God in Trinitie
I wyl go fetchehim unto the
And that euyn alone

Hye the apace and come a gayne youthe.
and bryngē with the that noble swayne
¶ Lo mayster youth here he is
A pretie man and wise
He wyl be glad to do good you seruice
In al that euer he may
¶ Welcome to me good felowe
¶ Pray the whence commest thou
And thou wylt my seruaunt be
I shall geue the golde and fee
¶ Syr I am content iwig
To do you any seruise
That euer I can do
¶ By lykelyhod thou shulde do well ynowe youthe.
Thou art a lykely felowe
¶ Yes syr I warrant you
ys ye will be rulde by me
I shall you bryngē to hye degré
¶ What shall I do tell me
And I wyll be ruled by the
¶ Mary I shall tell you
Conside ye haue good yroewe
And thynge ye come of noble kinde
Aboue all men exalte thy minde
Put downe the poore and se nought bi them
Be in company with gentel man
Jette vp and downe in the waye
And your clothes take they be gaye
The pretye wenches wyll saye than
yorder goeth a gentelman
And euery poore felowe that goeth you by
Will do of his cap and make you curteisie
In faith this is true

Sir I thankie the by the roode

Ryot.

youthe.

Pride.

youthe.

Pride.

youthe.

Pride.

youthe.

for thy counsell that is so good
And I commit me euen nowe
Under the techynge of Ryot and you

Ryot. Lo youth I tolde you
That he was a lustye felowe
youthe. Mary syr I thanke the
That you wolde bryng hym unto me

Pryde. Syr it were expedyente that ye had a wife
To live with her all youre life

Ryot. A wyfe nay nay for God auow
He shall haue fleshe inoughe
For by God that me dere bought
Over muche of one thinge is noughe
The deuyl sayd he had leuer burne al his lyfe
Than ones for to take a wife
Therefore I saye so god me saue
He shall no wife haue
Thou haste a syster fair and fre
I knowe well hys leman she wyll be
Therefore I wolde she were here
That we might go and make good chere
At the wine some where

youthe. I pray you hither thou do her bryng
for she is to my likinge

Pryde. Syr I shall do my diligence
To bringe her to your presence

youthe. Hye the apace and come agayn
To haue a sight I wolde be taine
Of that lady fre

Ryot. Syr in faith I shall tell you true
She is a fleshe and faire of hue
And verye propre of bodye
Men call her Lady Lechery

youthe. My herte burneth by God of myght

Till of that lady I haue a syght
Intret superbia cum luxuria et dica superbia

Syr I haue fulfylled your entent Pryde.
And haue brought you in thy present
That you haue sent me soye

Thou art a redy messenger Youthe.
Come hither to me my herte so dere
ye be welcome to me as the hert in my body

Syr I thake you and at your pleasure I am Lecher
ye be the same unto me

Maisters wyl ye to tauerne walk Youthe.
A wodre with you here wyl I talke
And gyue you the wine

Gentle man I thanke you verely Lecher
And I am all redye

To waite you vpon

What sister lecherye Ryot.
ye be welcome to our compayne

Well wanton well, ey for shame Lecher
So sone ye do expresse my name
what if no man shuld haue knowne

I wis I shal you bete, well wanton well

A lytell pretye nylet Ryot.
ye be well nise God mote

ye be a lytell pretye ppe, twis ye go ful gingerie

Cruel I se your false eye Lecher
winkeþ on me full wantonly

ye be full wanton iwis

Pryde I thanke you of your laboure Youthe.
That you had to sech thys sayre floure

Lo youth I tolde the
That I wolde brynghe her with me
Sir I pray you tel me nowe
Hewe doth he lyke you

rouche. **C**herely wel he pleased me
For he is courteis gentyl and fre
Ho we do you fayre Ladie
How eschare you tell me
Lecheri. **S**yr if it please you, I do well ynowe
And the better that you wyl wite
youth. **R**iot I wolde be at the tauerne sayne
Least charitie vs mete and turne vs agayne
Than wold I besory because of thys farye ladie
Riot. **C**Let vs go agayne be tynie
That we maye be at the wyne
Or euer that he come
Pryde. **C**Hie the apace and go we hence
We wil let for more expeince
youth. **C**Now we wil fil the cup and make good cheere
I trust I haue a noblz here
Herke sirs for God almighty
Herest thou not howe they fight
In sayth we shal them part
Pl there be any wine to sell
They shall no longer together dwell
No than I be shrewe my herte
Riot. **C**No syr so mote I the
Let not thy seruantes sight within the
For it is a carefull lyse
Euermore to lyue in strife
Therefore ys yr wyll be ruled bi mi tale
We will go to the ale
And se howe we can do
I trusse to God that sitteth on hym
To lese that lycetell compayne
Pride. **C**With in an houre or two
Now let vs goo for goodes sake
And se howe merye we can make

Now lette vs go a pace
And I belast there I be shre we my face
Nowe let vs go that we were there
To make this Ladye some chere
Werelye sir I thanke the
That ye wyll bestowe it on me
And whan it please you on me to call
My heart is yours bodye and all
Faire Ladye I thanke the
On the same wyle ye shall haue me
whan so euer ye please

Ryot.
youth.
Lecheri
youth.

Riot we tarye very longe
we wyl go euuen now with a lusty songe
In saynt I wyll be rector choraye
Go to it thin hardely, and let vs be agate
Abide felowe a worde with the

Pryde.
Ryot.
Pryde.
youth.
charite.

whether go ye tell me
Abide and here what I shall you tell
And be ruled by my counsel

Pryde.

Haye no felowe ne yet mate
I trawe thy felowe be in Newgate
Shal we tell the whether we go
Nay iwis good John a Pepo
who learned the thou mistaught man
To speake so to a gentylman
Thoughe his clothes be never so thine
yet he is come of noble kinne
Thoughe thou gyue him suche a mocke
yet he is come of a noble stocke
I let the welkto wite

What syr John what saye ye
wolde you be fetred nowe
Glynhe nat to long I pray you
At mye fortune come sone yno we

Ryot.

ye shall thynde it a lytell soone.
youth. ¶ yet syrs let thys cease
And let vs talke of goodnes
charite. ¶ he turned his tale he is a ferde
But saith he halbe skerd
He weneth by flatterynge to please vs againe
But he laboureth all in bayne
charite. ¶ syr I pray you me not spare
for nothynge I do care
That ye can doe to me
Kyot.. ¶ No hoxeson sayst thou so
Holde him pride and let me go
I shall set a prayre of rynges
That shall sit to his shynnes
And that euen a none
Pride.. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayne
And bringe with he ta good chaine
To holde him here stil
charite ¶ Jesu that was borne of Mare milde
From all euyll he vs shielde
And sende you grace to amende
¶ oure lyfe be at an ende
for I tell you trewlye
That ye lyue full wickedlye
I praye God it amende
Kyot.. ¶ Lo syrs loke what I bringe
Is not thys a ioly ringinge
By my trouth I trowe it be
I will go with of charitie
How sayest thou mayster charitie
Dothe this geare please the
charite. ¶ They please me well in dede
The more sorowe the more mede
for God saide whyle he was man

Bounteys. **D**o we not bate deuouere
men by the hand? **E**re we leue
men by the hand? **F**or to saye
men by the hand? **G**o to my sonnes
men by the hand? **H**erby I leue
men by the hand? **I** ame
men by the hand? **J**ustice
men by the hand? **K**onfess
men by the hand? **L**eue
men by the hand? **M**en
men by the hand? **N**o
men by the hand? **O**ur
men by the hand? **P**rofesse
men by the hand? **Q**o
men by the hand? **R**eserve
men by the hand? **S**ay
men by the hand? **T**ake
men by the hand? **U**er
men by the hand? **V**er
men by the hand? **W**hat
men by the hand? **X**er
men by the hand? **Y**et
men by the hand? **Z**o
men by the hand?

go to walke by the wate
That is a neare araye
Shal ferre him betwixt moone
Shale it is good conseruacion
For gout name who maketh intencion
and euill creatures take the tourne
for gout tyme looke to me
for well maders encounter
for to trudde the wiche be water
But nowe le it is harde
that thou woldes me nevere forlate
Since a piontie thon by me make
ye on the capite fe
Dane to slake the bittere
and wyl not have with you to bo
E to slake you alle
E am lute thon will not to slake me
and helpe gout at gout nebe
Sire E piald god be gout lepe
E wyl god wape
Denther early ne late
E wyl not hym to slake
E all thise let alise
Dfrowe thou mynne to slake playe
Dhat E a linner blynde al the raluation
Good lord E pialy the hauke no raluation
alo to god E me besta
Bette all linne E to slake
Shalte E trouwe naue
goutte them and let us go
goutte wylle thon do id

Questions. **Q**uite welcome to these places
as you have been to us before.

De sacerdotibus et reliquo clero debet esse libertate et immunitate.

What map be lychened unto me

Facilitate duche ne Lode, Baron ne hingh
Secundum ducem: tunc

*John E am promoted to the degree
of an earl in the 10th year of Edward II.*

Portuguese. *Al bataie galantes and take unto me*

Go conuert that wretched man
that he may be a good man.

charite. ¶ **E**nroll helpe you that can

unito betterne to reloate, & to elaborate by

Quintill. De Genit. genit. esse tamen est hinc esse.

3 The thair wull pou see
The usurper's gowd auctorite

And they had some agreeable entertainment.

charite, Sent to the lauderie they begone

En quatenus tibi come agantur

*whether they be gone
in the world*

Sir E please you tell me another
of your good wife's name

*from your fleet and pour hambes
down our ears like water*

luncheon. Sir E. Hall paid the banqueting

Leave me the things abroad

The little mes that I told you on

charite. Ed shall tell you another

So **are** **this** **case** **happened** **to** **you**

Writing *The* *Bridge* *You* *Tell* *Me* *No* *Use*
the *Bridge* *We* *Use* *the* *Bridge* *Evening*

Dicitur ergo quod in una euentatione

lumitt. Ed shall do you to numberd ane

Leherre hauet ge se lo lange

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

charities. The more benevolent humanities

Some bioterrorist groups in the US have
been using the Internet to recruit

*Some kind of ledge fence to me
was as good as any fence I ever built.*

...out of a picture to man was borne

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